

THE TRUE NORTHERNER.

PUBLISHED BY
THE TRUE NORTHERNER PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

M. O. ROWLAND, Editor and Manager.

Entered in the postoffice at Paw Paw, Michigan
as second class mail matter

Largest Circulation in the County

SUBSCRIPTION \$1 per year in advance.
Bell and Kibbie 'phones.

Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., July 27, 1903.

The people of the United States did not require demonstration of the fact that their president is entirely fearless or that he proposes to administer the affairs of the government with absolute justice, regardless of his own political fortunes, but they have received it in the courageous position assumed by the president with regard to the employment of union labor in the various departments of the government. The case of William Miller, an assistant foreman of the government printing office, called forth from the president the enunciation of a policy which for 50 years no president has dared proclaim. This is to the effect that no discrimination shall be made between union and non-union labor in the employ of the government. Mr. Roosevelt cites the decision of the anthracite coal strike commission in support of his decision, the commission having decided that men in the coal mines must not be discriminated against because they were not members of a union.

Miller was dismissed by the public printer because he had been expelled from the bookbinders' union. Miller's crime was an attempt to save money for the government by insisting on the performance of more work than the union permitted his subordinates to do. It must be understood that the bookbinders' union in Washington prescribed a limit to the amount of work which each man shall perform in a day. Finally, when Miller refused to yield to the dictation of the union, he was expelled from its membership and immediately discharged by the public printer for that reason, a proceeding which Mr. Roosevelt characterizes as lacking in "elementary decency." The president promptly ordered Miller reinstated. This has been done. The bookbinders have now filed charges with the Public Printer which they believe will prove ample to warrant Miller's discharge, but they have also issued a statement to the effect that they cannot work in the office with Miller, but will be compelled to strike if he is retained in his present position. The unfortunate part of the situation is that the constitution of the union conflicts with the laws of the United States, so that if the public printer should not find sufficient ground for discharging Miller he could not, according to law, dismiss him, and the binders, according to the laws of their union, could not remain. If, again, the binders were to strike, they would be conspiring against the government and could never be reinstated without a change of the United States statutes by congress. What the outcome of this peculiar situation will be it is impossible to predict. In several similar instances previous presidents have dodged the issue, and now that President Roosevelt has met it squarely there are many who believe it will not cost him the sensible labor vote of the country. The government is still a little bigger than any union, whether of capital or of labor, and sensible capitalists and laborers will see that it stays bigger.

Reports from Oyster Bay are to the effect that Speaker-to-be Cannon has agreed not to oppose the consideration of financial legislation which will be presented at the next session of congress. Mr. Cannon was summoned to Oyster Bay by the president to confer on this subject, which the president regards as of grave importance. Some skeptical persons maintain that Mr. Cannon has not yet made any promise which amounts to anything, for the reason that it is never necessary for the speaker to oppose legislation, as no legislation can receive consideration unless he actually favors it. It is generally believed, however, that some measure will be devised which will remedy existing defects in the financial system and which will at the same time meet with the approval of the republican leaders in both houses of congress. The device which appears to be most in favor is a law authorizing all national banks to issue notes to the extent of 25 per cent. of their capital stock, subject to a tax of five per cent. per annum. It is maintained that such notes would be issued only in time of emergency and would be promptly retired when the emergency was passed, because the tax would render their maintenance in circulation unprofitable once the emergency had passed.

Secretary Hay is doing all in his power to avert a war between Russia and Japan, although there is still a possibility that it will be impossible to restrain the cocky little oriental nation. A new cause of contention has just arisen in Corea, where the government, which is dominated by Japan, has ordered telegraph poles cut down along the line of a railroad owned by Russians. It is claimed by the Japanese that the Russian navy has never been tried and probably would not fight to advantage, whereas the Japanese navy has already demonstrated its prowess.

No False Claims.

The proprietors of Foley's Honey and Tar do not advertise this as a "sure cure for consumption." They do not claim it will cure this dread complaint in advanced cases, but do positively assert that it will cure in the earlier stages and never fails to give comfort and relief in the worst cases. Foley's Honey and Tar is without doubt the greatest throat and lung remedy. Refuse substitute. E. B. Longwell.

HARRY DANIEL'S
MINOR
OBSERVATIONS

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At a Summer Hotel.

Hotel Mosquito, Mosquitoville, Mich.—This is the famous hotel where the proprietor keeps pet mosquitoes which he feeds his guests to.

This is not the real name of the hotel, but only an honorary title that has been thrust upon it by mere fancy. The mosquito around here is a carnivorous animal with an alto voice and a tendency to masticate his food very poorly. When he catches a guest asleep on the veranda with his legs stuck up over the railing and his feet out in the landscape he does not kill him at once but mangles him up in pretty bad shape and then goes away and leaves him to try and find words to express his great thoughts and get some of the fantastic lumps and Queen Anne cornices off his visage.

It is a pretty good place, however. They have as nice little 6-carat rooms here as you will find in any average summer hotel or penitentiary in the land.

They serve a species of hide-bound toilet soap to the guests in their rooms that is alone worth the price of admission. Each room is fitted up with a cake of it, which is to be used in case of burglars.

All the towels are guaranteed by the management to be absolutely waterproof, and any guest finding one that is not is requested to call at the office and pay extra.

A prominent man whose name I have not yet ferreted out presides as day clerk and also ushers hash in the dining-room when there is a rush on. It is always a sad sight to me to see a great, brainy man, who wears about \$12 worth of dignity and has a change of neckties for every day in the week, hurrying about in a hotel dining-room and serving soup with his thumb in it to a class of impatient guests who seem to be his inferior in every way.

It is sad, I say, to see a man of this kind who has the commanding bearing of a United States senator or a traveling corn dentist, wasting his precious moments going around through a public dining-room, brushing the overflow victuals into the laps of the guests with a soiled napkin and meditating over his glorious past. He has formed the habit, however, when he wants to reach on the table for anything, of leaning against you until you have to hold to the table to keep from falling overboard. I predict that some day, while thus in pursuit of the butter, he will accidentally jam the head of the wrong man down into the bosom of his vest, and the enraged guest will overlook the fact that the clerk is his intellectual superior and mop up the floor and brush off the table and knock the pictures off the wall with him.

But he is a perfect gentleman. He states that he has only been in the profession a short time, and I have frequently wondered how a man of his vast intellectuality could have avoided turning out to be a hotel clerk for so long. He is the very height of politeness. Yesterday a fly which had stayed around the hotel until it was nearly starved to death, but still hoped on against hope, at last yielded to its despondency and committed suicide in my cup of coffee.

Hardly had the shocking news of the death reached the clerk before he was at my side. His great, sympathetic mind grasped in three or four minutes the awful situation, and then, in almost less time than it takes to tell it, he carried the cup of coffee to a far-away corner of the dining-hall, turned his back upon me, snailed the remains from the steaming cup, carried a moment in order to heighten the effect, and then returned the coffee to me with ill-concealed pride and perspiration on his very feature.

My bunk is located along the forward deck, about midway between the forecabin and the laundry chute. I am only about one jump from the elevator shaft and less than a day's walk from the fire-escape. The hotel is gifted with a retreating forehead, so that the roof passes through my room at a point near the floor.

The natural scenery about here, which is not under the management of this house and can therefore be partaken of without expense, is as beautiful a thing as a person could desire to witness, although there are some tints along the distant horizon which I do not believe would meet the approval of some of our more high-priced and long-haired American artists. But I regard the scenery which is found lying around here as a great success. What could be more beautiful than the polished blue of the water here with cool shadows arranged around the edges, and over the surface of which the amateur fisherman jerks his line, throwing his hook into the water one second and pulling it out the next, to see if he has caught anything!

Barring the fact that the meals here are just about a size and a half too small to fit the stomach, and that the rooms were stunted some time in their early growth, this is not a bad place to stop. The guests loiter around on the wide veranda, braining a mosquito ever and anon in self-defense and bragging on who they are at home. You very seldom meet a man at these hot weather refuges who does not, before you have talked with him very long, frankly admit to you that he is regarded as the greatest man in his locality. When he is at home he may take in lawns to mow or look after the toilet of somebody's cow, but when he gets to a place like this he is either the president of some heartless railroad or an inmate of the state legislature.

They keep a night clerk here who, in his younger life, was burglarized of a large amount of sleep, which he is now trying to recover. He winds the clock and locks up the outer ramparts shortly after sun-down, burrows into a large chair and helps himself to a night of non-breakable slumber. The belated guest who does not carry a burglar's jimmy stands a poor show of getting in. The only way he can gain admission is to kick on the door until the guests become aroused and angry and stick their heads out of the windows and throw remarks and other things at him. Finally one of them may offer to compromise by coming down and unlocking the door and seeing how many chairs he can kick over with his bare feet. But the night clerk never comes to.

Harry Daniel



He turned his back upon me and snailed the remains from the steaming cup.

FROM THE PEOPLE.

[Under this head we will publish from time to time communications on topics of public interest. All articles must be accompanied by the name of the writer. While willing to give publicity to the views of our readers, if suitable for publication, we do not pretend to sanction all that is printed in this column, and will make editorial comment when we see fit to do so.—Ed.]

DEAR EDITOR:

I wish to encroach on your space to the extent of congratulating L. J. C. on his masterly literary effort in behalf of the present railroad management (who threatened to make Paw Paw a flag station.)

His advice to "turn the other cheek" is right and proper, and after having the face all knocked off you go to Detroit via Reed City and Saginaw just to help them out.

Incidentally, fruit growers are a slight factor in this community and after the gentlemanly representative had met the seven wise men in secret conclave, one of the growers had his fruit refused an hour before the train started.

Now the proper thing for him to do is to travel the whole length of this system out of gratitude.

Another saw his berries soaked with rain on a platform because he was not allowed to put them in a warehouse. He should certainly patronize the road.

After raising freight from 50 per cent to 200 per cent over old rates, the gentlemanly representative will naturally expect the shippers to take their families on all Sunday excursions to the sand dunes of lakeside resorts.

The shipper who last year paid 17 cents freight on a barrel of apples and now pays 30 cents and who paid 6 cents per crate for berries and now pays 12 cents, should go afoot and across lots to patronize this road.

The scores of growers tributary to Gobleville, who last year shipped from here, have had the bad taste to ship from Gobleville simply because they got cheaper rates and better service. They should be whipped into line and made to fall down and worship this new God. Bend all your energies against and throw all the obstacles in the way of a competing line, as it would be detrimental to the P. M. "Amen." C. R. Y. W.

A. R. Bass, of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night, and had a severe backache and pains in the kidneys. Was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure. E. B. Longwell, M.

King Economizes.

King Edward of England has been cleaning out his domestic establishment. Though his mother was penurious, she had a charitable side for servants and maintained a larger retinue than was needed. Many of these servitors regarded their position as a sort of pension and were indifferent to their duties.

"If" a woman ever gets so "homely" she isn't worth looking at, she'd better take Rocky Mountain Tea. Brings back the bloom of youth. 35 cents. E. B. Longwell, M.

Let Us Help You Find a Home in the Southwest.

Along the Cotton Belt Route, where land can be bought for \$2, \$3, \$5 an acre up—cut-over timber land that affords good range for live stock; rich bottom lands for corn, wheat, oats, cotton; uplands for fruits and vegetables—peaches, pears, plums, strawberries, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, melons—finding good markets at fancy prices in the North on account of excellent qualities and marketing ahead of other sections. A land where living is cheap—lumber at \$7 to \$8 a thousand, fuel for the cutting range for the stock nearly the year round, garden truck for the table from March to December. The farmer who pays high rent in the North or tills worn out soil in the East is missing some of the best things of life by not securing a home in the Southwest.

Write for copies of our "Homes in the Southwest," "Glimpses of Southeast Missouri, Arkansas and Northwest Louisiana," "Through Texas With a Camera," "Fortunes in Growing Fruits and Vegetables," "List of Real Estate Agents Along the Cotton Belt," "Developing the St. Francis Country," "The Diversifier," a fruit and truck growers' journal.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month the Cotton Belt Route will sell one-way tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo and Memphis to points in Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas at half the one-way rate plus \$2, or round trip tickets at one fare for the round trip plus \$2.

For full information, address
E. W. LA BAUME,
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Keys, guns, bicycle sundries, mantles, ammunition and pocket knives.

All Work Guaranteed.

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N. B.—I make a specialty of work that you can't get done anywhere else.

Jim Dumps exulted, "We do not, On Summer days so close and hot, Build up a fire and stew and steam! A dish of 'Force,' a bowl of cream, Is just the food to fit our whim, And keeps us cool," laughed "Sunny Jim."

"Force"
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

not a blood heater.

Ideal Summer Food.
"Force" is an ideal summer food because it contains elements for nourishing every organ of the body, is easily digested, creates what we know is vigor, and at the same time does not make a river of fire out of the blood. FENOT G. STANTON.

W-13

A LADY ASKED US OVER THE PHONE THE OTHER DAY WHAT WE HAD

GOOD TO EAT?

You can imagine that was rather a difficult question to answer, when you take into consideration that we have a

Store FULL.

We have a large variety of National Biscuit Company's

Wafers
and
Biscuits.

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Domestic Fruits.
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